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STRANGE AND INTRIGUING

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into



10¢

JOURNEY

FEAR



DEADLINE for DEATH  
VAMPIRE'S TWO  
Make Mine HORROR  
Revenge of the CORPSE

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



HERE'S A WITCHES BREW THAT WILL CHILL YOU! MIX ONE PART MURDER WITH TWO PARTNERS WHO HATE EACH OTHER, ADD A DASH OF BITTERNESS AND SERVE IN AN OLD HOLLOWED-OUT SKULL, WELL FLAVORED WITH BATS, COBWEBS, AND THE DUST FROM A ROTTEN COFFIN! LET STAND FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, THEN OPEN AND YOU'LL FIND THE THING IN THE ROOM...

# Make Mine HORROR

Valerie Brosky



THE TIME — TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO DURING PROHIBITION! CUFF JENKINS AND RATSY DUGAN, TWO HARD TYPES, MAKE A LITTLE BUSINESS TRIP...

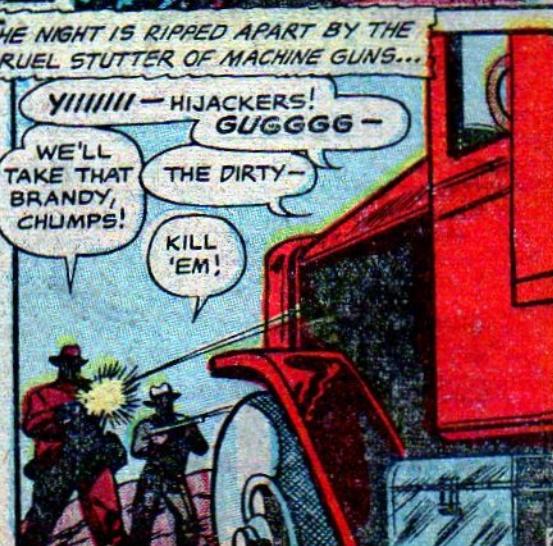
LUCKY YOU GOT THE TIP ON THAT TRUCK LOAD OF BRANDY THE RANSOM BOYS ARE RUNNING IN TONIGHT, CUFF! HEH-HEH! WE'LL HIJACK THEM CHARACTERS GOOD!

SURE! REAL IMPORTED BRANDY, TOO. WORTH A FORTUNE!



HEY, CUFF! PLenty OF TIME! I WANTS SHOW YA SOMETHING! A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MY GAL MABEL!





BUT SOMETHING GOES WRONG...

YOU CRUMMYY  
BUM! I'LL  
SHOW YA...OWWWWWWW-  
I'M H-HIT!  
RATSY - HELP!I'LL  
GET  
HIM!THANKS, PAL! I WAS  
PLANNING ON GETTING  
RID OF CUFF ANYWAY!  
AND YOU!

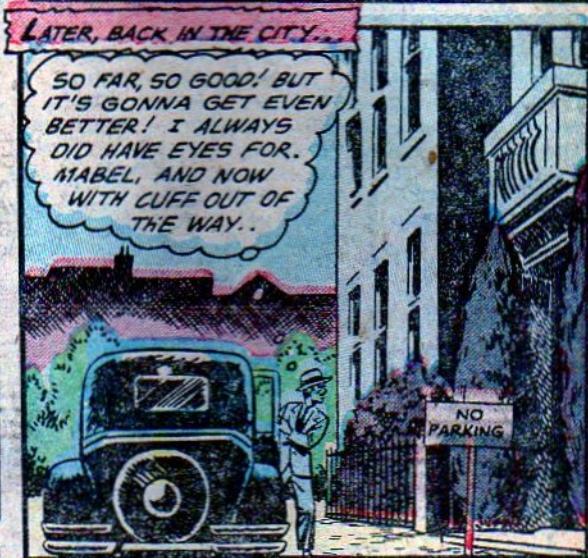
GAAAAAA-



BUT CUFF IS NOT DEAD...

AN HOUR LATER...

D-DON'T LEAVE ME, RATSY!  
OH - I'M HURT BAD!G-GET ME  
HOME TO  
HEH-HEH-GET  
M-MABEL!  
I'LL -  
YA HOME OKAY, CUFF!  
TO YOUR NEW HOUSE  
THAT YOU AINT EVER GOING  
TO LIVE IN! I GOT  
PLANS FOR  
YOU, BOY!RATSY! WHAT  
YA C-COMING  
HERE FOR? I  
TELL YA  
I'M DYING!SO GO  
AHEAD  
AND DIE,  
PAL! SAVE  
ME THE  
TROUBLE  
OF KILLING  
YOU! I  
GOT BIG  
PLANS,  
TOO!RATSY WORKS LIKE A DEMON  
UNLOADING THE TRUCK AND  
STORING THE PRECIOUS  
BRANDY...THERE!  
SOON AS I - (GASO)  
STORE THESE IN YOUR  
SECRET ROOM, I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF YOU, CUFF! SURE  
WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS  
BUILDING THAT LITTLE  
ROOM!H-HURRY  
UP! I'M BLEED-  
ING TO  
D-DEATH!AT LAST... NO! WHERE  
ME? I NEED A DOCTOR,  
RATSY! YOU AIN'T  
PLANNING — YOU  
WOULDN'T...HEH-HEH!  
WOULDN'T I,  
THOUGH? YER  
GOING RIGHT IN  
THAT ROOM WITH  
THE BRANDY,  
CUFF!DON'T WORRY,  
CUFF! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY FOOD, BUT  
YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT YOU HAD  
INSTALLED RUNNING WATER! YOU  
CAN HAVE ALL THE - (CHUCKLE) -  
BRANDY AND WATER YA  
WANT! SOUND-PROOF, TOO,  
SO NOBODY WILL — HEH-  
HEH — DISTURB YA!NO —  
DON'T  
PUT ME IN  
THERE TO DIE!  
YAAAAAAA-  
PLEASE!



SOME WEEKS LATER, RATSY FACES A HARD-BOILED JUDGE...

RATSY KEEPS HIS MOUTH SHUT—AND THE DREARY YEARS IN PRISON DRAG PAST...

I WISH I COULD PROVE THAT YOU'RE GUILTY OF MURDER, DUGAN, BUT UNFORTUNATELY WE CAN'T! BUT YOU HAVE BEEN CONVICTED OF CERTAIN OTHER CRIMES, FOR WHICH I SENTENCE YOU TO THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AT HARD LABOR...

THIRTY-FIVE—(GULP)—YEARS!

FIFTEEN YEARS NOW I'VE BEEN MAKING LITTLE ONES OUT OF BIG ONES! BUT I AIN'T FORGETTING MABEL FOR TURNING ME IN! WHEN I GET OUT...

NO TALKING, RATSY! NOT EVEN TO YOURSELF!



TOMORROW! TOMORROW I GET OUT! I GOT TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR—BUT I'VE STILL BEEN IN THIS STINKING PLACE FOR TWENTY YEARS! AND MABEL IS GONNA PAY FOR EVERY ONE OF THEM!

NEXT DAY IT IS A CHANGED RATSY WHO WALKS THROUGH THE GRIM GATES...

S'LONG, RATSY! DON'T COME BACK!

HE'LL BE BACK! THEY ALL COME BACK! YOU'LL SEE!

GOODBYE! IF I NEVER SEE YA AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON!



I'M BROKE, BUT I CAN FIX THAT! THAT BRANDY I HID IN CUFF'S HOUSE MUST BE WORTH PLENTY BY NOW! BUT I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET AT IT!



LATER, RATSY GETS A SURPRISE...

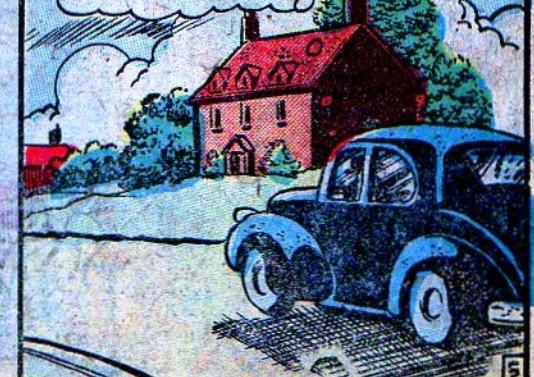
MABEL? SURE I REMEMBER HER! SHE DONE ALL RIGHT—FOUND A WILL OF CUFF JENKINS' THAT LEFT HER A HOUSE! SHE'S LIVING IN IT RIGHT NOW! DON'T EVEN SPEAK TO HER OLD FRIENDS THESE DAYS!

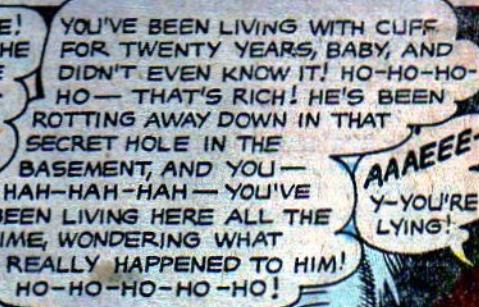
A HOUSE? CUFF LEFT HER A HOUSE!



AND STILL LATER...

TALK ABOUT LUCK! THERE'S THE SAME HOUSE—AND MABEL'S LIVING IN IT! ALONE! HERE'S WHERE I—(CHUCKLE)—KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!





LYING, AM I? YOU'LL SEE! WAIT  
TILL YOU SEE THE ROTTEN  
BONES THAT USED TO BE  
CUFF! AH-HA-HA-HA—  
BEST JOKE I EVER  
HEARD!

NO  
I CAN'T!  
I DON'T  
WANT TO SEE—  
AAAAAA—

RIGHT OVER HERE!  
I'LL FIND THE  
BUTTON, HAVE  
THE SECRET  
DOOR OPEN IN  
A MINUTE! ONLY  
DON'T EXPECT CUFF  
TO LOOK PRETTY, BABY!  
REMEMBER, HE'S BEEN  
IN HERE FOR A LONG  
TIME!

EEEEEEEEE—

RATSY PRESSED THE BUTTON.  
THE DOOR SLIDES BACK AND...

UGH — THAT S—SMELL!  
HORRIBLE! BUT JUST THE  
SAME WE'RE GOING IN, BABY!  
I'M GONNA GET  
THAT BRANDY  
AND—  
(CHUCKLE)—  
LEAVE YOU WITH  
CUFF!

HELP!  
YIIIIIIII—

AND THEN — SOMETHING  
APPEARS IN THE DOOR...

ARRRRR — GRRRRRRR—  
ARFFFFFF — GRRRR—

OH,  
AAAAAA—  
C-CUFF!

B—BUT IT CAN'T—  
HE'S BEEN IN  
THERE TWENTY  
YEARS! HE  
CAN'T BE  
ALIVE!

RRRRR—  
ARFFFF—

YOWWWWW—

B—BUT IT IS CUFF! CRAZY! LIKE A BIG—DOG!  
CUFF! DON'T YOU KNOW ME, CUFF? CUFF,  
PLEASE, DON'T! I—

RRRR—  
GRRRR—

AAAAEEE—

RRRGGGGG—  
RRRRRRR—  
GRRRRRR—

AAAEEE—  
EEEEEE—



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THE WOMAN, HER MIND BLASTED BY THE TERRIBLE SIGHT, MANAGES SOMEHOW TO STUMBLE OUT INTO THE STREET...



MOMENTS LATER...



WEEKS LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

COME ON, SIR, HOW ABOUT THAT STORY? YEAH—THE PUBLIC DESERVES THE TRUTH ABOUT CLIFF JENKINS AND THE OTHERS! WHAT HAPPENED TO CLIFF?

YES, IT WAS CUFF ALL RIGHT! FINGERPRINTS PROVED THAT! AND THE WOMAN IS PERMANENTLY INSANE, SO SHE'S NO HELP! RATSY IS DEAD! BUT I CAN TELL YOU SOME-THING...

YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT HIJACKING YEARS AGO! THE NIGHT CUFF DISAPPEARED! NOW HERE'S SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T KNOW— THE RONSON GANG USED A DECOY TRUCK THAT NIGHT TO FOOL CUFF AND RATSY! THE BRANDY WENT BY ANOTHER ROAD— WHAT CUFF AND RATSY GOT WAS A LOT OF CASES MARKED BRANDY, BUT CONTAINING CANNED DOG FOOD!

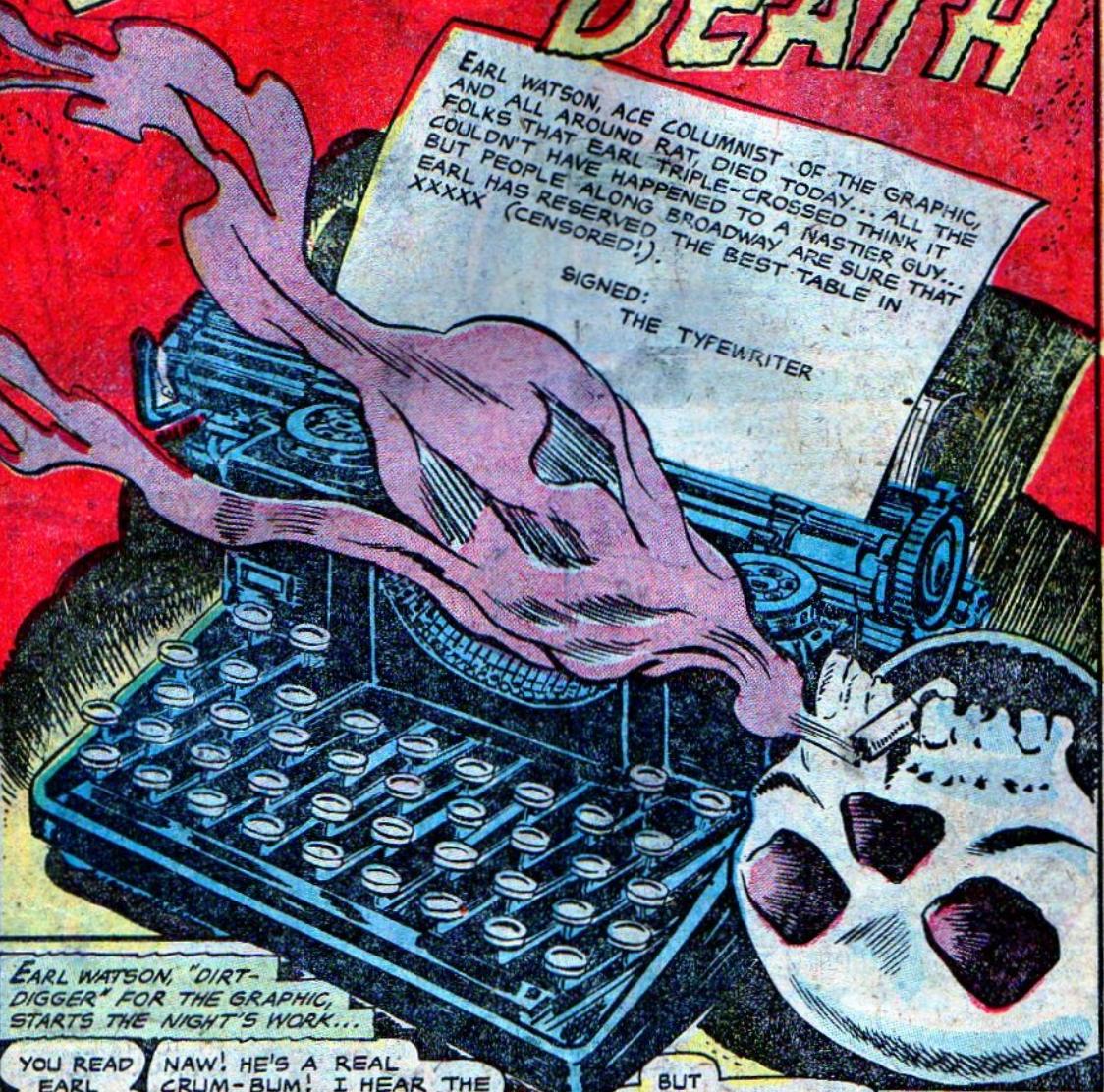


The End

# DEADLINE for DEATH

EARL WATSON, ACE COLUMNIST OF THE GRAPHIC, AND ALL AROUND RAT, DIED TODAY... ALL THE FOLKS THAT EARL TRIPLE-CROSSED THINK IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TO A NASTIER GUY... BUT PEOPLE ALONG BROADWAY ARE SURE THAT EARL HAS RESERVED THE BEST TABLE IN XXXXX (CENSORED!).

SIGNED:  
THE TYPEWRITER



EARL WATSON, "DIRT-DIGGER" FOR THE GRAPHIC, STARTS THE NIGHT'S WORK...

YOU READ EARL WATSON'S COLUMN LATELY?

NAW! HE'S A REAL CRUM-BUM! I HEAR THE GRAPHIC AIN'T RENEWING HIS CONTRACT!

MORONS! WHAT DO THEY KNOW?



BUT THEY'RE RIGHT! THE GRAPHIC ISN'T GOING TO RENEW MY CONTRACT—NOT UNLESS I CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING BIG!



BUT SOON EARL REALIZES THAT WORD THAT HE IS ON THE SKIDS HAS GOTTEN AROUND...

WHY THE CLAM ACT, MIKE? YOU MUST KNOW **SOME DIRT** ABOUT SOMEBODY! C'MON AND GIVE!

SORRY, MR. WATSON! NOT A THING GOING ON! IF I KNEW ANYTHING, I'D TELL YA!

AND IN ANOTHER CLUB, EARL GETS THE SAME TREATMENT...

HERE, MR. WATSON? NOTHING TO IT! I HEAR HE HAD A FIGHT WITH A MOVIE STAR IN HERE THE OTHER NIGHT! I HAVEN'T GOT A THING FOR YOUR COLUMN!



AND STILL AGAIN...

OKAY, YOU GUYS! THANKS FOR NOTHING!

HAH-HAH! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, WATSON?

YEAH! DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WORDS WASHED UP? THE WORDS GOTTEN AROUND! NOBODY WILL TELL YOU ANYTHING!

SO WHEN EARL GETS BACK TO HIS OFFICE...

HELLO, MINNA! ANYBODY CALL IN A HOT SCOOP — AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!

NOT A THING, EARL! WAS IT PRETTY BAD TONIGHT?



I'LL RUN OUT AND GET US SOME COFFEE, DARLING! AND DON'T WORRY — SOMETHING WILL TURN UP! I KNOW IT WILL!

YOU'RE A NICE GAL, MINNA! I GUESS YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO LOVES ME!

AFTER MINNA GOES FOR COFFEE... MINNA'S WRONG! I'M THROUGH AND I KNOW IT! PEOPLE HATE ME NOW!

AND THEY WON'T TALK TO ME — AND WHEN PEOPLE WON'T TALK TO A GOSSIP COLUMNIST, HE'S REALLY WASHED UP! I HAVEN'T GOT ONE GOOD ITEM FOR THE COLUMN!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

EARL GAZES OUT THE WINDOW AT THE STREET SIXTEEN FLOORS BELOW, AND HAS STRANGE INCLINATIONS! BUT SUDDENLY...

HIS MIND REELING, EARL STARES DOWN AT THE LETTERS LEAPING MYSTERIOUSLY INTO BEING...

H-HUH! THE MACHINE—  
W-WRITING SOMETHING!  
B-BUT HOW...

IT-IT'S WRITING SOMETHING FOR ME! FOR MY COLUMN!... JACOB ROSS, HEIR TO A TOBACCO FORTUNE IN THE MILLIONS, WAS MURDERED THIS MORNING BY A GIRL HE JILTED ONLY LAST WEEK! THE ENRAGED BLONDE, USING A BUTCHER KNIFE...



DARKNESS SWIRLS AROUND EARL WATSON AND HE—FAINTS...

B-BUT THIS IS CRAZY! IT CAN'T BE—OH, MY HEAD, EVERYTHING T-TURNING BLACK...



WHAT A FIBBER YOU ARE, EARL! WHAT! SAYING YOU DIDN'T HAVE A STORY! WANTED TO SURPRISE ME, I SUPPOSE! BUT I GAVE YOUR COPY TO THE DESK, JUST IN TIME TO MAKE THE DEADLINE!

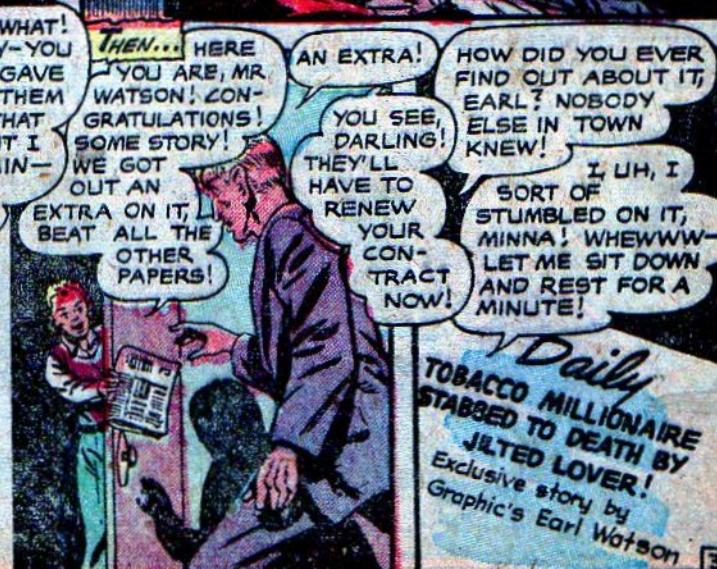
STORY! BUT I DIDN'T EXPLAIN—I MEAN THAT STORY...



AND WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

EARL! EARL, DARLING! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED?

HUH! OH, I—THE TYPEWRITER! DID YOU SEE PAPER IN THE TYPEWRITER?



THEN... HERE YOU ARE, MR. WATSON! CONGRATULATIONS! SOME STORY! WE GOT OUT AN EXTRA ON IT, BEAT ALL THE OTHER PAPERS!

AN EXTRA!  
YOU SEE, DARLING! THEY'LL HAVE TO RENEW YOUR CONTRACT NOW!

HOW DID YOU EVER FIND OUT ABOUT IT, EARL? NOBODY ELSE IN TOWN KNEW!

I, UH, I SORT OF STUMBLED ON IT, MINNA! WHEWW—LET ME SIT DOWN AND REST FOR A MINUTE!

Daily  
TOBACCO MILLIONAIRE STABBED TO DEATH BY JILTED LOVER!  
Exclusive story by Graphic's Earl Watson

AND SO IT BEGAN! SCOOP FOLLOWED SCOOP, ALL FROM THE MYSTERIOUS TYPEWRITER! ONE NIGHT AFTER EARL HAS GOTTEN RID OF MINNIA...

IT'S LATE TONIGHT! USUALLY IT WRITES AT THIS TIME EVERY NIGHT! AND SO FAR I'VE KEPT ANYBODY FROM FINDING OUT ABOUT IT, EVEN MY GIRL!

ANYWAY WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME? SOMETIMES I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF!

SUDDENLY...

WOW! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OLD J.P. WAS A CROOK? BEEN A PILLAR OF SOCIETY FOR YEARS!

BROTHER, WHAT A STORY!

... THE MERCHANTS BANK WILL FOLD SOON, WITH LOSSES IN THE MILLIONS FOR DEPOSITORS.. CHIEF CULPRIT IS J.P. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT, WHO HAS BEEN STEALING MONEY FOR YEARS. HE PLANS TO TAKE OFF FOR MEXICO SOON WITH A COOL MILLION IN CASH...



EARL PRINTS THE STORY AND IMMEDIATELY THE NEXT MORNING...

I HOPE YOU CAN PROVE THAT STORY, WATSON! OH, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN SEN- SATIONAL LATELY, BUT THIS — WELL, J.P. WILL SUE US FOR A MILLION IF YOU'RE WRONG!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SIR! MY SOURCE IS, ER, MY SOURCE IS NEVER WRONG! YOU'LL SEE!

AND A FEW HOURS LATER...

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY! I CAN'T FACE THE DISGRACE!

AYEEEEEEOOOOO-



LATER... WELL, EARL, YOU WERE RIGHT AGAIN! J.P.'S SUICIDE NOTE PROVES THAT, ALONG WITH THE RECORDS! BUT I'M CURIOUS, MAN, EXTREMELY CURIOUS! FOR A TIME YOU WERE SLIPPING BADLY, BUT NOW...

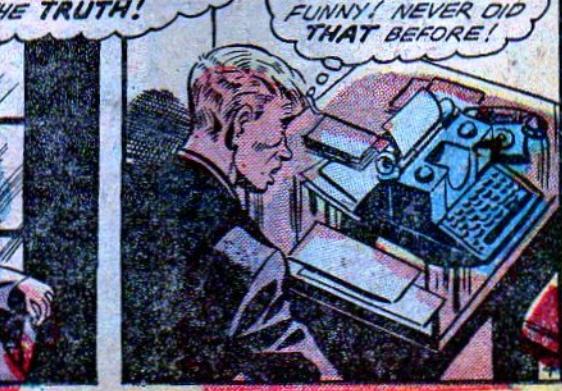
SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN'T DIVULGE MY SOURCES, EVEN TO YOU! LET'S JUST SAY THAT THEY ARE, ER, FOOL-PROOF!



THE OLD BOY WOULD THINK I WAS CRAZY IF I TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!

SO EARL GOES BACK TO HIS OWN OFFICE WALK- ING ON AIR — TO FIND A SURPRISE...

HEY, THE MACHINE HAS BEEN WRITING WHILE I'VE BEEN GONE! FUNNY! NEVER DID THAT BEFORE!



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

HE GETS A NASTY SHOCK...

"...MINNA MARTIN, GIRL FRIDAY TO YE WRITER OF THIS COLUMN, WILL UP THE AISLE IT WITH CEDRIC LODGE III OF THE MARGARINE MILLIONS... WEDDING TO BE SOON... LOOKS LIKE YOURS TRULY WAITED TOO LONG TO ASK HER... LOVE, MINNA, AND LUCK..."

M-MINNA!  
G-GOING TO MARRY THAT LODGE PUNK!  
B-BUT SHE LOVES ME! I KNOW SHE LOVES ME!

STILL - THE MACHINE HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG! NOT ONCE! AND MINNA HAS DATED THAT LODGE CHARACTER A COUPLE OF TIMES WHEN I WAS BUSY! COULD BE! ONLY NOW THAT I KNOW, I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! FOREWARNED IS - (CHUCKLE) - FORE-ARMED!

THAT NIGHT IN THE SWANKY SUTTON ROAD NEIGHBORHOOD...

HERE COMES LODGE NOW! GOT A LOAD ON, BY THE LOOKS OF HIM! I'LL JUST ROUGH HIM UP ENOUGH TO SCARE HIM AWAY FROM MY GIRL!

HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMIND YOU, LODGE! STAY AWAY FROM MINNA MARTIN!

H-HUH!  
GAAAAAAA-IA-

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THE SPRAWLED BODY THAT SENDS COLD CHILLS UP EARL WATSON'S SPINE...

H-HE HIT HIS HEAD ON THE CURB AS HE FELL! DEAD! I - I'M A MURDERER! BUT I DIDN'T MEAN - I ONLY WANTED TO SCARE HIM!

MINUTES LATER...

TAXI! TAKE ME TO THE - (GASP) - GRAPHIC OFFICE! HURRY!

NOBODY SAW ME!  
THE STREET WAS DESERTED.  
I'LL BE SAFE!

SURE, MISTER!  
HOP IN!

BUT AS EARL REACHES HIS OFFICE...

EARL! WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
YOU LOOK UPSET!  
NOTHING! I'M ALL RIGHT! B-BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE NOW?  
YOU HAD A DATE!

DARLING! YOU'RE REALLY JEALOUS! SO MY LITTLE TRICK WORKED AFTER ALL!

TRICK? WHAT TRICK?

WHY, THE ITEM ABOUT CEDRIC LODGE III,

DARLING! IT'S NOT TRUE,

HEAVENS! YOU WROTE THAT ITEM!

OF COURSE, I CAN'T STAND HIM! BUT I THOUGHT THAT IF I WROTE IT, YOU MIGHT BE JEALOUS AND ASK ME TO MARRY YOU...

AND I JUST K-KILLED LODGE BECAUSE OF IT! I THOUGHT THE MACHINE WROTE IT!



SOMEHOW HE GETS RID OF MINNA AND SLUMPS AT HIS DESK IN BLACK DESPAIR! THEN IT BEGINS AGAIN...

WHAT CAN I DO? I'M A MURDERER— OH— THE MACHINE! WRITING SOMETHING...



THE HORRIBLE WORDS SHRIEK UP AT HIM...

HUH! BUT THE MACHINE'S GONE CRAZY! ME— BURNT TO DEATH! LAUGHING AND SCREAMING! AND THIRTY— THIRTY...

EARL WATSON, COLUMNIST FOR THE GRAPHIC, WAS BURNT TO DEATH TONIGHT! WATSON LAUGHED AND SCREAMED AS HE WAS DRAGGED TO DEATH... THIS IS THIRTY...

THE MACHINE STOPS AND EARL LOOKS UP AS TWO BURLY MEN ENTER THE OFFICE...

DON'T ACT INNOCENT, WATSON! WE'VE GOT WITNESSES WHO SAW YOU MURDER, LODGE!

W— WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU...

INCLUDING A TAXI-DRIVER WHO DROVE YOU FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME! COME ALONG PEACEFULLY NOW!

THIS ONE IS REALLY NUTS!

SOME MONTHS LATER UP AT SING-SING...

NO! PLEASE, YOU CAN'T! NOT THE CHAIR! DON'T BURN ME! DON'T LET THE TYPEWRITER BE RIGHT! THIRTY—THIRTY! AHHHHHH—THIRTY...

WHAT'S HE MEAN BY TYPEWRITER? AND HE KEEPS YELLING THIRTY!



THIRTY— AN OLD NEWSPAPER TERM MEANING— THE END...

See you

# GHST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



Valerie Brosky

# THIRTEENTH STEP

**R**YDEN, the prosecuting attorney, shook his head. As he walked nervously back and forth across the floor of Judge Carter's chambers, his footfalls were eerily silenced by the thick pile of the carpet. He knew Carter's gaunt, haggard eyes were on him, questioning, helpless. He knew the Judge's hands were trembling, as though some sort of spell had been laid on them. And Ryden did not know why. He suddenly turned.

"They used to call you 'The Hanging Judge', Joe," he said softly. "For twenty years you had the reputation of being a last-ditch defender of the law's letter. Nobody you thought guilty ever got away with anything—not in your court, Joe!" Then, angrily, he flung the appeal papers down on the desk. "And now you want to reprieve this convicted, murderous swine, Jabez Hunt!"

He glanced keenly at Judge Carter, but Carter said nothing. It was almost as if he dared not open his mouth.

Ryden planted his balled fists squarely on the desk and, bending over, he levelled a pair of burning eyes at the Judge.

"A charlatan, a dabbler in witch-craft, a disseminator of rank superstition. Finally a murderer of one of his own clients, following a private seance. Jabez Hunt is a murderer—and for the crassest of reasons, because a lonely old woman who believed him when he said he'd gotten in contact with her dead son's soul, left him all her money in her will!"

"There are always two sides to every question, Bill!" Carter shook his head feebly; he almost stammered the words. "After all, a jury could be wrong!"

The prosecuting attorney for the sovereign state stared at his old friend in astonishment.

"Joe," he began. "Joe! It wasn't only the opinion of the jury that Jabez Hunt was guilty. It was everyone's. Before you even saw the man yourself, you thought he was guilty of murder. Every scrap of evidence was against him. He practically convicted himself. You remember how coldly sneering he was, how contemptuous of the laws. He was clever, all right, but even the cleverest slip. They get so clever they think they're God. And when that happens, every bit of caution, of reason, goes. They think

they can get away with anything, lie their way out of any crime. That's what happened to Jabez Hunt. But he didn't get away with it—no thanks to you, Joe!"

"What—what do you mean?" Judge Carter mumbled, fearfully.

"The instant you saw Jabez Hunt in the courtroom for the first time, you changed!" Ryden grated. "You changed from a strict defender of your own philosophy. Against every legal procedure, every ounce of common sense, you tried tripping me up. You seemed terrified, Joe, lest Hunt be convicted. Don't you know every gossip column in town's been talking of little else until now?" He paused, then went on relentlessly. "Joe, what happened? Tell me, Joe. You can trust me. I know you weren't bribed, that you'd have shot the man who tried it—or hanged him, anyway."

**J**JUDGE CARTER seemed to shrink in his chair. He gazed down at his fingernails, began to breathe heavily.

"I—I can't Bill!" he mumbled. "Why can't you let me alone? It's my career in jeopardy, not yours. Besides, what more do you want? You got your conviction, didn't you?"

"He threatened you, didn't he?" Ryden went on relentlessly. "He had his last word in court, didn't he? He said that if he died on the thirteenth and last step of the gallows, you'd die the same day, on the moment you climbed the thirteenth step to your own house!" Ryden crashed his fist down on the desk. "What rotten thing has turned your soul into jelly, Joe? In the name of God, why do you want to reprieve this monster, possibly open the way to the Governor's changing his sentence to a life term?"

Judge Carter stared at him numbly.

"You got your conviction, didn't you?" he whispered. His face was as stiff as a log of wood. "Yes, you got it. Let it satisfy you, Bill! For God's sake, don't ask me any questions!" He reached abruptly for the appeal papers and a pen.

Ryden struck it from his hands.

"If you sign that, you'll destroy your own career, you'll build gossip into truth." Ryden's voice shook with passion. "So help me, Joe, if you sign that reprieve, I'll demand an investigation of Judge Joe Carter!"

An instant later, he leaped forward. The Hanging Judge had fainted. Summoning an attendant, Ryden scribbled a quick note to be given to the Judge when he recovered. It asked him to wait until the execution was over. Ryden would see him home.

In his official car, as it sped to the death-house across the river, Ryden glanced at his wrist-watch. The execution would take place within a half-hour—unless, of course, reviving from the strange faint, Carter signed the reprieve.

But when the car pulled up before the prison gates, Ryden saw that no changes had taken place. He hurried up to the warden's office, anxious to speak for just one moment with Jabez Hunt. Warden Grimes received him courteously, looked pensive as Ryden put his question.

"I suppose you might see him for a moment," he said finally. "But you'll have to hurry!"

MINUTES later, Ryden, following a guard, was being led to the entrance to Execution Row. The door of Jabez Hunt's cell opened and Ryden stepped in; then the heavy steel door clanged shut.

Jabez Hunt, who was sitting on the sole cot in the cell, raised his bearded face.

"You'll get no reprieve, Hunt," Ryden said harshly.

"Frankly, I expected one," Hunt said, with a touch of sarcasm.

"You did, eh? I thought so. That's why I came here, Hunt!" The state's prosecuting attorney fixed the prisoner with a narrow lock. "What have you done to Joe Carter?" he demanded. "What filthy power do you hold over him?" Ryden's fists clenched. "What lay behind that absurd threat you made? By heaven, man, speak. It's your last chance to rest your own soul. Your life's forfeit — I can't, I wouldn't change that. But if you hope for peace beyond the grave . . ."

"Peace beyond the grave!" Hunt exploded in laughter. "I thought you didn't believe in the supernatural, Ryden." Abruptly, he fell silent; then, once more his eyes danced with mad merriment. "So he's cracking, eh? Joe Carter's cracking. You wouldn't have come here if he wasn't." His eyes blazed. "I'll tell you nothing, Ryden. If I'm to die, let Carter rot as I'm going to!"

An instant later the cell door swung open. Beyond it, Ryden saw a line of guards, a chaplain. Silently he left the cell, returned to the warden's office. He sat there, watching the clock on the wall, until he heard the ominous sound in the courtyard outside that told him Jabez Hunt had fallen through the trap in the gallows and was dead. Half-

an-hour later, he re-entered Judge Carter's chambers. Carter was still pale, but again in some command of himself.

"Dead, eh?" he said dully. "You were right, Bill," he said. "I'd have been insane to have signed that reprieve. Maybe I've been insane all along." He passed a trembling hand across his forehead. "You — you see, Bill, Jabez Hunt was my twin brother!"

"Twin brother?" Ryden asked, aghast.

"We were close, very close, at first," Carter said, his voice a haunted whisper. "Everything that happened to either of us happened to the other. It was almost as if we had twin bodies, but one soul. I almost died once, when he nearly died from pneumonia, though I was as well as you are, Bill. Later, he went bad, left home. I never saw him again until the day he came into the courtroom, disguised with a beard, but with his name changed. But I'd have known him anywhere. You—you'll understand now why I couldn't speak, why I couldn't even disqualify myself, why I had to fight to get him off without capital punishment. I—I couldn't face disgrace or the death he threatened me with, Bill!"

"Come on, Joe. I'll take you home!" Ryden muttered, regaining his composure.

Twenty minutes later, Ryden's official car left the two men off in front of Judge Carter's high old brownstone mansion.

"Come in for a moment, Bill . . ." The judge pleaded; then his voice broke. "Bill—I—I'm afraid!"

The prosecuting attorney's face set like flint.

"All right, Joe!" he said. "But get a grip on yourself." He took the Judge's arm, helped him to the high, two-landing stoop.

Carter put a foot nervously on the first step. Then Ryden felt his body stiffen with determination, begin the climb. The attorney breathed easier, though he, himself, found he was unconsciously counting the steps as they went up. At the thirteenth, from behind, he saw the judge's footsteps waver. That was only natural, he thought. The snap came like the crack of a whip, then.

The next instant he saw the thick-set body crumple, topple back toward him. He flung out an arm to catch it.

"Blasted fool! He's fainted!" Ryden growled. Then he gasped as he felt the head loll crazily, to one side, saw the broken neck. Behind him the chauffeur came rushing up the steps. Ryden laid the body down on the landing, just above the thirteenth step. Then his blood froze as he glimpsed the face. Staring past him at the sky, sightless, dead, contorted, were the bearded features of Jabez Hunt!

# REVENGE of the CORPSE

A LONELY MOUNTAIN FARM—AN OLD MAN WITH CONCEALED TREASURE—A PAIR OF CUNNING CRIMINALS IN WHOSE COLD HEARTS FESTERED THE DEADLY BLOSSOMS OF HATE, FEAR, LUST AND GREED! ADD THESE, MIX WELL WITH MURDER, AND YOU GET A STORY THAT WILL TURN YOUR SPINE TO ICE! FOR IN THE SHADOWS WAITING, IS THE SCARECROW...



OLD ABNER BAINES WORRIES A LOT ABOUT THE CROWS IN HIS CORN...

LIZZIE! DURN IT, WOMAN, WHERE ARE YE? I TOLD YE TO KEEP THEM TARNATION CROWS OUTA MY CORN! DURN THEM BLACK SINNERS!



RECKON I'LL HAVE TO DO IT M'SELF! THEY DON'T PAY NO MORE ATTENTION TO THAT DANGED SCARECROW THAN IF HE WARN'T THERE!



MAYBE ABNER SHOULD BE PAYING MORE ATTENTION TO LIZZIE, HIS WIFE, WHO AT THAT MOMENT...

RECKON YER HUSBAND'S GOT HIS DANDER UP ABOUT THEM CROWS, LIZ! HE SURE DON'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO US!

OLD FOOL! IF YOU HAD THE GUMPTION OF A MOUSE, RUFE...

...YOU'D USE THAT AXE ON ABNER'S SCRAWNLY NECK AND WE'D BE SHUT OF HIM! YOU KNOW HE'S GOT A SIGHT OF MONEY HID AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

NO HURRY, LIZ! THING LIKE THAT TAKES A LOT OF THINKING ABOUT!



I AIN'T FORGETTING THAT ELECTRIC CHAIR. THEY GOT UP AT THE STATE PRISON! I WANT THE MONEY MUCH AS YOU DO, BUT WE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!

BUT I'M SICK OF WAITING, RUFE! IT AIN'T JUST THE MONEY, LOVER! IT'S YOU! YOU, HONEY MAN!

OH, HONEY, YOU GOT TO DO IT QUICK! QUICK, YOU HEAR? I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER!

I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!



THERE'S THE OLD COOT NOW, LIZ! YOU BETTER GO!

I RECKON, BUT DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU!

LIZZIE! WHERE IN TUNKET ARE YE?

HERE I AM, ABNER! WHAT'S FRETTING YOU SO?

LITTLE FOOL! IT'S THE MONEY I WANT, NOT HER!



LATER, AS THE HIRED  
MAN SMOKES A PIPE  
AND CONTEMPLATES  
THE SCARECROW...

SURE AIN'T GOOD  
FOR MUCH, THAT  
RAG BAG! BUT  
WAIT A MINUTE

I JUST HAD ME AN IDEA! NOW IF ABNER WAS TO SORT OF VANISH LIKE, SUDDENLY, AND EVEN THE SHERIFF COULDN'T FIND NO TRACES! NOT EVEN A BODY...

LATER...

WHAT YOU  
STUDYING SO  
HARD ABOUT,  
LOVER? I GOT  
TO GO FIX THE  
OLD MAN'S  
SUPPER!

I GOT IT, THAT'S WHAT! I  
KNOW HOW WE KIN GET  
RID OF THE OLD  
BUZZARD!

NO MATTER WHAT, WE'RE SURE TO BE  
SUSPICIONED WHEN THE OLD MAN DIS-  
APPEARS! BUT IF WE KIN HIDE THE BODY,  
THEN CALL IN THE SHERIFF AND ACT REAL  
INNOCENT, THEY'LL THINK WE'RE TELLING  
TRUTH, AND GOT NOTHING TO HIDE!

I GOT THAT ALL  
FIGURED OUT!  
JUST WAIT AND  
SEE! IT'S  
FOOL PROOF!

YOU GONNA  
DO IT NOW?

BUT HOW CAN WE HIDE  
IT SO THEY'LL NEVER  
FIND IT?

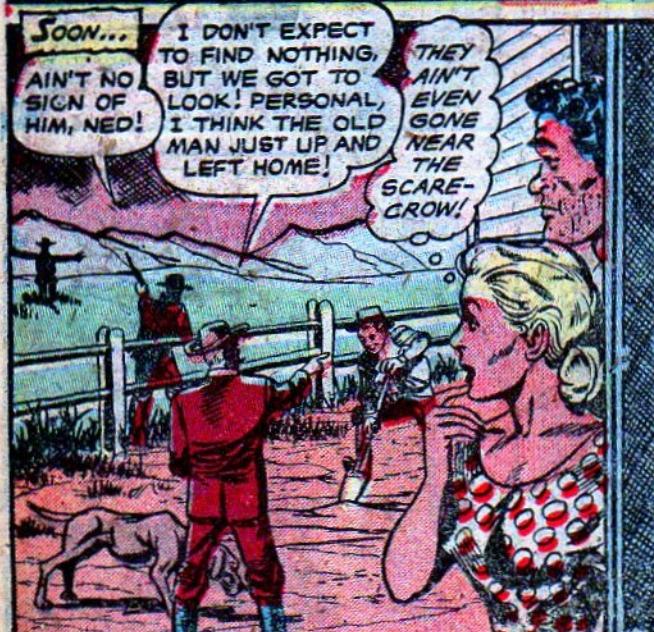
**STEALTHILY, THE HIRED MAN  
ENTERS THE HOUSE....**

NOW, YOU MANGY OLD CODGER,  
I'M GOING TO GET BOTH YER  
MONEY AND YER WIFE! NOT  
THAT I WANT  
HER!

AT THE LAST  
MOMENT...

H-HUH! NO!  
AIIIIIIIIII!

# JOURNEY INTO FEAR.



HARDLY IS THE SHERIFF'S CAR OUT OF SIGHT...

NEXT THEY SEARCH THE BARN...

NOT A SIGN OF THE MONEY YET! BUT I KNOW THE OLD MISER HAD PLENTY HIDDEN AWAY!

WE'LL FIND IT! THEN WE'LL BURY HIM SOMEPLACE THEY **ALREADY** LOOKED!

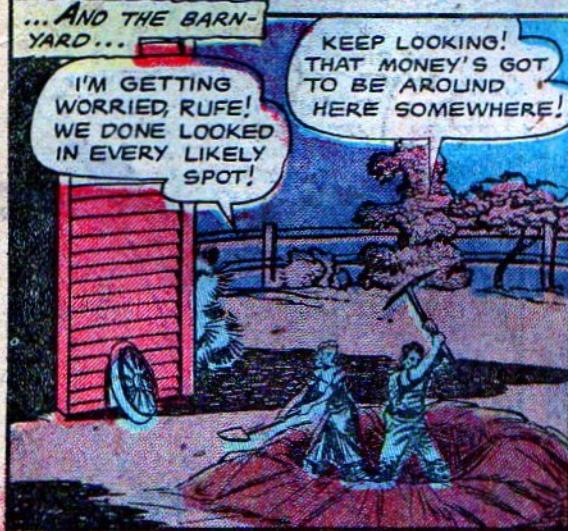
WE GOING TO STAY ON HERE AFTER WE FIND THE MONEY, LOVER?

SHE STAYS—ALONE!



...AND THE BARN-YARD...

KEEP LOOKING! THAT MONEY'S GOT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!



FINALLY... WE'RE A COUPLE OF FOOLS, LIZ! THE OLD MAN MUSTA HID IT IN THE CORN-FIELD! YOU KNOW HOW HE ALWAYS WAS OUT THERE!

L-LET'S TRY, THIS LITTLE PATCH OF WOODS FIRST, LOVER! I—I DON'T MUCH LIKE GOING IN THE FIELD WITH IT!



SUDDENLY...

Rufe! Look! The scarecrow—GONE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! THE WIND PROBABLY BLEW IT OVER! THE CORN'S HIDING IT!



SO THEY DIG AND DIG...

C'MON AND DIG! I-I WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I-I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING MOVING BACK THERE!



IN THE BRUSH A DREADFUL FACE WATCHES THEM.

HEH-HEH. AFTER MY MONEY, ARE THEY?



AND SUDDENLY, OVER THE GREEDY PINE,  
THERE FALLS A GROTESQUE SHADOW...

HEY,  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

THERE'S  
SOMEONE  
BEHIND  
US!

HEH-HEH! YE DIDN'T  
KNOW THE DEAD COULD  
COME BACK, DID YE?

AND...  
YAAAAA!  
IT'S ABNER!

AAEEEE!

MURDERED ME, HUH? LET  
THE CROWS EAT ME! I'LL  
GET YE!

I'M GETTING  
OUT OF  
HERE!

EEEEE—  
HELP ME,  
RUF!

LIZZIE  
HIDES IN  
A LITTLE  
PATCH  
OF BRUSH...

T-T-THAT AWFUL T-THING!  
IT'S FACE, ALL EATEN  
AWAY! OH—IT'S  
COMING THIS  
WAY!

CLAW-LIKE HANDS REACH FOR HER THROAT...

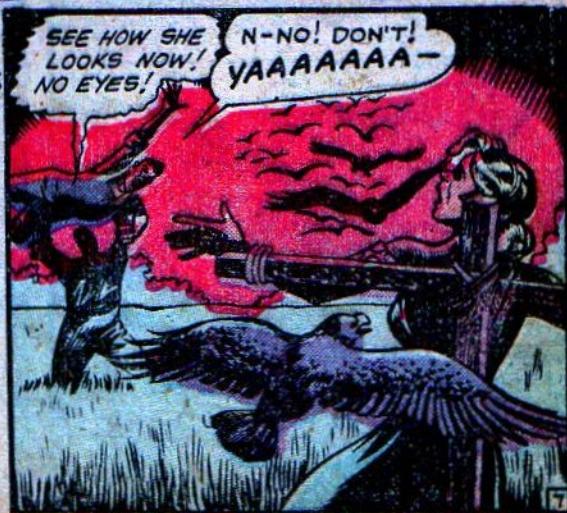
HEH-HEH!  
GOT YE!

AAAAAAA—

HA-HA—I'LL SHOW YE HOW  
TO MAKE A REAL SCARECROW!

HELP!  
AAEEEEEE—

## JOURNEY INTO FEAR



## JOURNEY INTO FEAR

SOON THE DOOMED PAIR ARE TIGHTLY BOUND...

ABNER! PLEASE!  
YOU C-CAN'T DO  
THIS T-TO US!

AND NOW I'M GOING  
TO-(CHUCKLE)-TELL  
YE A  
LITTLE  
SECRET!

YIIIIIIII-  
LET ME  
GO!

YE REMEMBER THAT OLD  
SCARECROW YE BURNED?  
THAT'S WHERE I - HEH-HEH-  
HID MY MONEY! YE BURNED  
IT UP! HA-HA-HA-HA!



NOW COME AND GET  
'EM CROWS! WHEN I  
WAS ALIVE YE WAS  
ALWAYS AFTER MY  
CORN, BUT HERE'S A  
REAL FEAST FOR  
YE! GO TO IT!

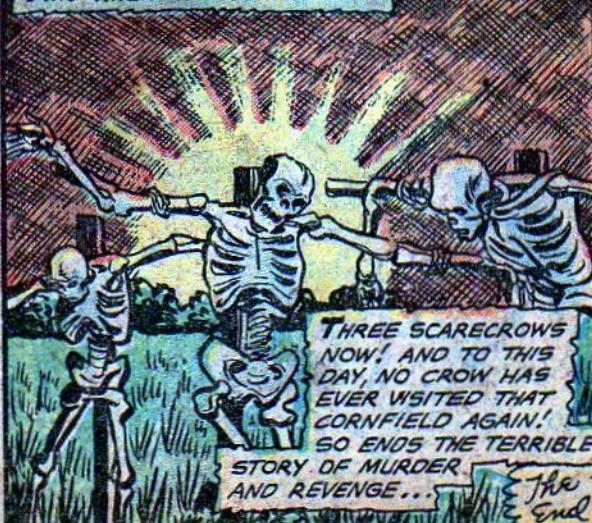
AND THE BLACK BIRDS FORM  
A SOMBER CLOUD OF DOOM...

T-THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
EAT US!



AS THE CORPSE-MAN SLOWLY ENTERS  
THE CORNFIELD TO JOIN THE DEAD  
LILLIE AND ABNER, A NEW FLOCK OF  
FIERCE CROWS DESCEND TO PICK  
AND TEAR...

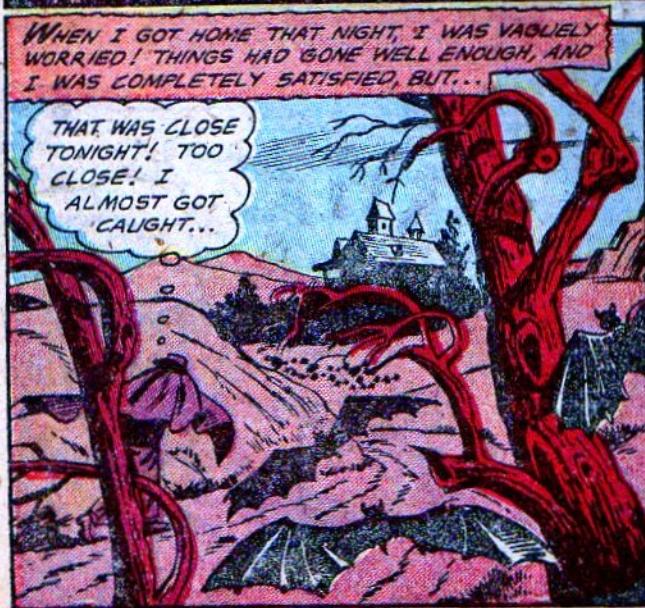
AND WHEN THE SUN RISES...



THREE SCARECROWS  
NOW! AND TO THIS  
DAY, NO CROW HAS  
EVER VISITED THAT  
CORNFIELD AGAIN!  
SO ENDS THE TERRIBLE  
STORY OF MURDER  
AND REVENGE...

THE  
END

# VAMPIRES TWO



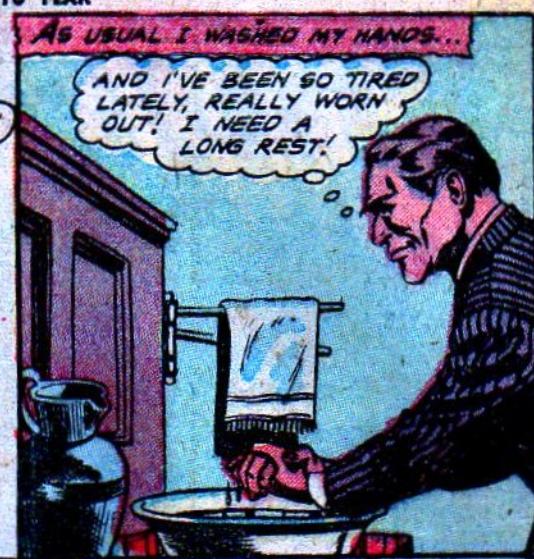
JOURNEY INTO FEAR

I HAD LIVED IN GAUNTSVILLE A LONG TIME, IN THE SAME SHABBY OLD HOUSE, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE...

MY BOOKS, ALL MY OLD POSSESSIONS! IT WOULD BREAK MY HEART TO MOVE!

AS USUAL I WASHED MY HANDS...

AND I'VE BEEN SO TIRED LATELY, REALLY WORN OUT! I NEED A LONG REST!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WITH THE MAIL, I GOT A SURPRISE — AND AN IDEA...

I'VE HEARD NOTHING! WHAT DID HAPPEN?

THE V-VAMPIRE STRUCK AGAIN! GOT A POOR LITTLE GIRL OVER ON RILEY STREET! DRAINED HER DRY, HE DID!

HOW TERRIBLE! WHY DON'T THE STUPID POLICE STOP THESE OUTRAGES?



FOR SOME TIME NOW A VAMPIRE HAD BEEN TERRORIZING GAUNTSVILLE! NOBODY SEEMED ABLE TO STOP IT...

BUT AT THE MOMENT I WAS INTERESTED IN MY LETTER! IT WAS FROM A MISS AMY STANTON, A WOMAN I'D NEVER MET IN MY LIFE...



POOR FELLOW! HE'S FRIGHTENED TO DEATH HIMSELF!

HMMMM — POST MARKED LOS ANGELES! BUT I DON'T KNOW HER! WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS?

I SOON FOUND OUT...

Dear Mr. Torrance:

I have long been an admirer of your books! You seem to know more than anyone else in the world about psychic research and the occult! I have also heard that you are of middle age and a bachelor! Now, you're going to think me terribly forward, but I wonder...

BUT LUCKILY I GOT HOME IN TIME TO MEET AMY STANTON AT THE STATION THE NEXT DAY...

WHY—SHE'S A KNOCKOUT!

MISS STANTON?

I WAS AMAZED AT HER STRANGE LETTER! BECAUSE SHE WANTED TO MARRY ME! AND IT SO HAPPENED THAT WHAT I NEEDED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE AT THE MOMENT WAS A WIFE...

THIS IS A HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY! A WIFE WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING! I ONLY HOPE SHE ISN'T TOO BAD LOOKING...



YES! AND YOU'RE MR. TORRANCE? IT'S SO NICE TO MEET YOU AT LAST!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, THE VAMPIRE STRUCK AGAIN! I WAS AWAY FROM HOME AT THE TIME...

EEEEEEEEEE-

AHH—GRRRRR—

I COULDN'T IMAGINE WHY SHE WOULD WANT TO MARRY AN OLD PARTY LIKE ME, BUT IT BECAME INCREASINGLY EVIDENT THAT SHE DID WANT TO...

AND THIS IS WHERE WE'LL LIVE! IT ISN'T MUCH, YOU SEE—ISOLATED AND GLOOMY!

OH, BUT I LOVE IT! JUST THE SORT OF HOME I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!



I COULDN'T LET HER MARRY ME WITHOUT FIRST TELLING HER WHAT WAS GOING ON IN OUR TOWN SO...

YOU'RE SURE, NOW? THIS IS A MOST UNUSUAL, ER, ROMANCE AT BEST, AMY! YOU MUST BE SURE YOU AREN'T MAKING A MISTAKE!

BUT I'M NOT! I'M NOT A CHILD—WILLIAM! AND I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM CALIFORNIA TO MARRY YOU!

THERE'S A VAMPIRE IN GAUNTSVILLE, AMY! NO ONE KNOWS WHO IT IS! SO, KNOWING MY

INTEREST IN SUCH THINGS, I KNOW YOU WON'T MIND IF I'M OUT VERY LATE SOME TIMES! I...

YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME, DARLING! YOU'RE TRYING TO CATCH THE HORRIBLE CREATURE! I HOPE YOU DO, TOO!



THAT NIGHT, ON THE VERY EVE OF MY MARRIAGE TO AMY, THE VAMPIRE STRUCK AGAIN...

HUH! OH—  
YOWEEEEEEEEE—



BUT I DID NOT ALLOW THIS TO INTERFERE WITH MY MARRIAGE TO AMY. I NEEDED HER MORE THAN EVER NOW...

I JUST ADORE THIS OLD HOUSE, DARLING. I KNOW I'M GOING TO LOVE IT HERE! IT'S SO GLOOMY!

WHAT A STRANGE THING TO SAY, AMY!



AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY I BEGAN TO NOTICE OTHER STRANGE THINGS ABOUT AMY! ONE NIGHT ABOUT A MONTH AFTER WE WERE MARRIED...

AMY? AMY, ARE YOU IN THERE?  
I MUST GO OUT FOR A TIME, DEAR!  
I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE!



AMY DID NOT ANSWER, AND I SUPPOSED SHE WAS ASLEEP.  
IT WAS ONLY WHEN I WENT OUT INTO THE STORM-TOSSED NIGHT...

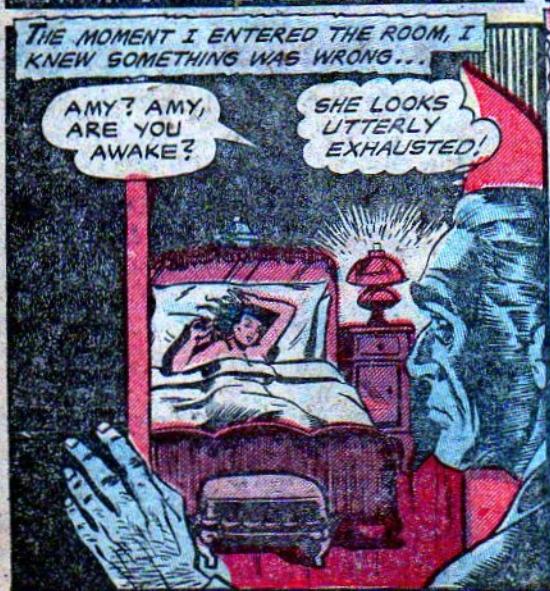
HOW ODD! SHE  
WENT TO SLEEP WITH HER LIGHT  
ON! I'D BETTER SEE IF  
SHE'S ALL RIGHT!



THE MOMENT I ENTERED THE ROOM, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG...

AMY? AMY,  
ARE YOU  
AWAKE?

SHE LOOKS  
UTTERLY  
EXHAUSTED!



## JOURNEY INTO FEAR

I HADN'T LIKED THE LOOK ON AMY'S FACE! I KNEW IT TOO WELL! SO I WASN'T MUCH SURPRISED WHEN I GOT A CALL THE NEXT DAY...

AND I WAS RIGHT, OF COURSE...

I THINK I KNOW! THE VAMPIRE AGAIN — THE LITTLE BOY ON DALTON STREET LAST NIGHT!

BUT THEN I GOT THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE...

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER CAN WANT ONLY ONE THING WITH ME! MY HELP IN CATCHING THE VAMPIRE!

WE HAVEN'T ASKED YOU BEFORE, TORRANCE, BUT NOW...

YES, THAT ONE! BUT THE WORST WAS THE GIRL OVER ON POMEROY LANE! THIS FIEND LITERALLY TORE HER TO BITS!



I FELT FAINT! I MADE SOME FEEBLE EXCUSE AND HURRIEDLY LEFT...

I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO! A TERRIBLE SUSPICION WAS FORMING IN MY MIND...

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING I MUST DO! I'LL — ER — SEE YOU LATER!

AMY MUST HAVE GONE OUT FOR A TIME! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND!



I NOTICED THE MIRROR AT ONCE...

HMM... TURNED TO THE WALL! THAT'S ONE SURE SIGN! AND I'VE NEVER SEEN HER LOOK INTO A GLASS!



SUDDENLY...

OWWW — GET OUT OF HERE! SCAT, YOU! SCAT!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR



AMY HAD NO SUSPICION THAT I WAS FOLLOWING HER! IT WAS EASY...

I MUSTN'T DO ANYTHING HASTILY! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT JUST HOW POWERFUL SHE IS FIRST!



I WAS RIGHT! I WATCHED AMY CAST OFF THE FORM OF THE CAT AND GRADUALLY...

THE VAMPIRE SHAPE! OH— THIS IS RICH! ME— MARRYING A VAMPIRE!



SHE WAS AFTER PREY NOW, THIRSTING

FOR HUMAN BLOOD...

HMM— HO. SHE'S AFTER LAST NIGHT IT, GIRL IN POMEROY

WHAT A SHOCK I GOT WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THAT!



THAT HOUSE! BUT NO— SHE CAN'T! I MUSTN'T LET HER...

THE LITTLE MIZNER GIRL! LOVELY LITTLE CREATURE! I CAN'T LET AMY DO IT! AND, ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL STOP HER RIGHT NOW!



NO, AMY! YOU MUSTN'T! COME BACK!

OOOOOHH— YOU!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

YES - BUT I KNEW

W! HAH-HAH-HAH! I'M  
GOING TO USE OUR MARRIAGE  
LETTING SUSPICIOUS, AND  
OF A PSYCHIC

NO MORE TALK, FOOL! I'LL  
KILL YOU NOW - AND SAVE  
THE MIZNER GIRL UNTIL  
TOMORROW NIGHT!

I'M SORRY  
TOO, AMY! FATE  
PLAYED US A  
STRANGE TRICK

I DON'T  
THINK SO,  
AMY!

LAST MOMENT SHE SAW AND  
UNDERSTOOD...

NO! IT CAN'T - Y-YOU  
CAN'T... YIIIIIEEEEEE-

I THOUGHT I COULD  
STOP YOU, AMY! I'M  
OLDER AND I HAVE  
MORE POWER!

NO-  
AAAAAAA-

AND WHEN SHE WAS DEAD...

SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT  
I HAD TO DO IT! MY  
PLANS WENT ALL  
WRONG, TOO! I WAS  
USING, YOU FOR A  
COVER-UP, BUT...

...YOU TURNED OUT TO  
BE DANGEROUS! THERE'S  
NO ROOM IN GAUNTSVILLE  
FOR TWO VAMPIRES!

THE  
END